

“PRISM”

Part 1



<https://youtu.be/4BSDV9uKEIo>

(Song By: SHNee)

Show me things I haven't seen before
Tell me things that didn't exist in the world
Your red lips color my heart like paint

(Lyrics Sung By: SHINee)



VIDEO SHOOT CON'T – MALIBU BEACH

“SO, guys. Looks like the show’s nearly over for the day.”

Adjusting the drawstring on his swim trunks Skippy took a long look over in the direction of Idol’s JJ and Hyun Joong’s, (the crowd of half-naked girls and camera’s dwindling around them). Settling back around to face the two teenage Korean boys in front of him he smiled, “It’s been a crazy one huh? Where you two staying anyway?”

Minus manager Lee Joon (who up to this point had served as their interpreter), Key and Minho nodded respectfully continuing to sip on tall glasses of ice water. Key’s minimal understanding of English served him well in a pinch but, Minho was relatively clueless, except for ‘yes’, ‘no’ and ‘ok’.

Having waited out the buff, sandy-haired bar owner’s interaction with various other patrons around them, the two weren’t expecting a full-on conversation, just anxious to finalize the details of tomorrow’s surf lesson, call it a day and be on their way.

Seeing confusion written all over Minho's face at his question, Skippy turned to the young, feminine-looking blonde, hoping for a response.

"Host home? Family?" This wasn't the first time 'SM' trainees had been prevalent during the summers here in Malibu. Attempting to keep one eye on IlSeok and Keis, (wondering what in the hell they thought they were doing, flaunting themselves all over the Idols at the table) he vaguely heard Key say, "The Wu's. MinSeok Wu."

"Huh?"

Nearly dropping his glass of beer off the side of the bar, Skip jerked back around, watching it teeter precariously on the edge, spilling small frothy drops around his large, tanned fingers. His instincts kicking in, he knew now was probably not the time to divulge personal information about the Wu's to these two unsuspecting trainees.

DEAR GOD. How in the world could Daddy and Mommy Wu allow such a thing? Putting up male teenagers all summer, with . . . with . . . His eyes skirting back to the two girls he'd been friends with for years, a sly smile formed at the corners of his full lips. *Well shittt . . . I can play along. Why not?*

"Have you ever met the Wu's? Know them?" Momentarily forgetting the language barrier, he hoped these little guys were prepared for what could be the most harrowing summer they'd ever experienced.

"Ummm . . ." Studying Skippy's smiling face, Key only captured 'met', 'Wu's, and 'know'. "Aniyo, no." Shaking his head in naïve agreement, Minho followed suit, hearing Key's respse.

"Humph, you don't know they have two daughters then, huh?" Biting his tongue to keep from laughing, Skip rolled his eyes at the Idols then back toward the front table one more time, seeing Keis lean in and take a massive bite out of a strawberry, straight from JJ's outstretched fingers.

Confused, Key cocked his head to one side, muttering, "Daughters? Girls?"

"Yep, girls. Two." Fingers in the air signifying the number '2', Skip chuckled out loud, pointing to a pair of little girl's running hand-in-hand across the beach in the direction of the rest room.

“Aigooo. Ye.”

Now, Key understood. They were about to move in for the summer, with a family who had young girls. He liked children. Nudging Minho, he whispered something in Korean Skippy didn't understand and they nodded laughing, thumbs in the air in acknowledgement.

Responding to a friend calling him from across the bar, Skippy muttered, “Good luck,” under his breath. Motioning for Indy, (his Golden Retriever) to sit at his heels, he petted the dog's furry head playfully.

“So, I gotta run. Tomorrow's my day off but, I get up early. 8:00 o'clock? That good?” Putting up eight fingers, he perused the duo good-naturedly, letting his breath out slowly as their receptive demeanor gave away their acceptance of an early morning lesson.

“Ye. Eight.”

Following Skips hand down Indy's fluffy neck, Key smiled. *Maybe this summer in Malibu was going to be fun after all.* A nod and smiles all around sealed their deal for an early morning lesson.

“Awesome. See you then.” Grinning, Skippy pointed questionably, hoping he remembered their names. “Key? Minho? Right?”

Maybe (his Asian girlfriend) China could help him with his Korean a little more, since obviously these two and more, were going to be fixtures around the beach AND at the Wu's for the next few months. He liked them. All he could hope was they wouldn't be too shocked when they found out about their sassy little roommates, IlSeok and Keis. Eight o'clock tomorrow morning would tell all.

“Ye.” Bowing politely, Minho matched his grin, happy to have met yet another local American. He seemed like a stand-up guy, and with Key's help if they could get over the language barrier, he was sure they could all be friends.

Ready for a burger and a nap after a long day at the beach, it was finally time for Skippy to take his leave and get home. Watching the pale Key dart off toward the rest room and Minho take a final longing gaze over to table at the girls, he was tired and knew (more than likely) his China

doll would be bugging him by phone about Keis's arrival, as soon as she knew he was home. *What was he going to tell her about the dark-headed vixen eating out of Kim JaeJoong's hand?*

It was true that the Wu sister's stint in the video would probably only be significant enough to gain them some local recognition (possibly even a blurb in Jazzy's upcoming online 'Hotness Blog') but, not much more.

Knowing their parents, Amanda and MinSeok as well as he did, he was certain his two favorite female hooligans had gone rogue on this one. Maybe he should text Sungjae and let him know his girlfriend was becoming a groupie. Could mean trouble ahead! Contemplating his options, he waved a casual good-bye to the other patrons around him, gesturing for Indy to follow.



HEAD bent slightly, cradling a beer bottle between two fingers SungWoo, craned one ear, continuing to eaves-drop on the conversation at the table closest to the front of CoCo's dining porch.

With the camera crew fading into the background, the remaining sisters, waving their wrists donned in red, soul mate bracelets, were hard to miss. *The damned little brat HyeSu had coerced SooMin into pretending to be someone else, just to get filmed.*

Fuming at their stupidity, he tapped one foot against the stool leg in displeasure, his feeling of disgust only serving to remind him he was in exactly the right place, at exactly the right time. As aggravated as it made him, he wouldn't have missed it for the world.

Having nearly blown his reason for staying, he knew he should leave and quickly, (aware of the fact that being recognized here, was not an option). Nonetheless, he couldn't bring himself to stand up and get off the stool quite yet, because now that the camera crew was gone, the conversation was headed in a different direction, leaving him cringing nervously against the bar.



“**YOU DO** know the significance of the ‘Red String’, right Noona?” Rolling the thinly wound bracelet temptingly against the soft skin of Keis's wrist, JJ's fingers sent goose pimples up and down her newly, tanned arm.



“Of course I do Jae. Soul mates. They told us it was the underlying concept of the video.” In her best ‘little girl’ voice, she met him eye-to-eye, unable to resist his intense suggestive stare, letting her newest alter ego Bianca reign, (even if just for a moment).

“Just don’t forget it, ‘cause you’re sitting right beside me and that means you could very well be her. My Soul mate, I mean.” Warning her teasingly JJ lifted a large piece of watermelon toward her rosy lips, his knees quaking under the table at the suggestion of what she could do to him elsewhere with those same full, luscious lips. *Too bad they weren’t staying longer, this could’ve been his chance to be schooled in the ‘finer’ arts of love, by a true older woman.*

“Mmmm, gamsahabnida Oppa (THANK YOU, BOYFRIEND).”

Accepting the sweet fruit, the juice dribbling from the side of her mouth as she chewed, Keis loved being in control. Clearly the young Idol holding the fork, looked like he was about to wet his pants. With the shoot officially over, whether she appeared obsessed or not, Kim JaeJoong was unmistakably under her spell. Seoky’s initial idea to give out fake names and ages had just made everything that much easier!

Nauseated at JJ’s overt drama-feeding, IlSeok shifted in her seat uncomfortably hoping Hyun Joong wasn’t going to do the same in front of everyone. She was positive Skippy was somewhere in the crowded bar area. It would be just her luck that he had already seen and heard everything, putting Suni on alert, and subsequently Daddy.

Turning to Hyun Joong she smiled coyly, dismissing thoughts about her boyfriend in the presence of ‘Mr. Perfect’.

“Welll,” she drawled, “I have my own opinion about the whole thing. Don’t get me wrong, the concept was great and all but, sometimes I think the hype about soul mates is kind of silly. But, still . . .” Lifting her wrist in the air, the red-stringed bracelet shifted toward her hand as she examined the silver initialed ‘H’ emblem, woven into its side. “I guess I should give it a chance . . . considering.”

Snickering in spite of himself, Hyun Joong nodded in agreement to her eventual acceptance trying to be non-reactive to JJ’s overtly sexual advances toward Bianca (aka Keis).

After making it through the entire video, this dark-haired noona beside him thought Fate was silly? Hmmm. They definitely needed to talk further! Because, from his vantage point, not only

had she won the right to be his Ideal-Type-of-the-hour, he'd just given over his red bracelet, as well (basically claiming her as his soul mate, whether she knew it or not).



“ACH-HEM.”

A scruffy low voice, clearing her throat behind them, startled the small group to attention. Fortune Teller Monique, (famous for her spot-on predictions to locals and visitors alike) had crept in unannounced, hovering over IlSeok's chair, her gnarled fingers clutching the rattan back tightly.

The sister's heads shot up in alarm. Dammit. If anyone could blow their cover other than Skippy it would be Monique. Begging with their eyes for her to stay silent, clearly it wasn't working.

Chewing the butt of her already spent cigar, the old Haitian woman frowned. *This foursome was particularly worrisome. IlSeok Wu had been a regular at CoCo's for years, her other half Keis, every summer for as long as she could remember. And, always watching from the sidelines, she knew more about them than either would ever admit to. Having never met the two Idol boys her gut told her they were trouble. Pure, unadulterated trouble.*

Muttering under her breath, “Oh God, get ready,” IlSeok nudged Keis's foot beneath the small table.

Her perfect man was about to find out his perfect Noona, Skyler Clarke was a big, fat FAKE. She knew they shouldn't have done all this in broad daylight. Especially pretending to be someone else . . . Stupid, stupid, stupid.

“It's no secret, this one here is hiding from her destiny.” Addressing her with a firm voice, Monique glanced around hoping the cameras weren't still secretly filming them. (This wasn't for everyone's eyes and ears.)

Fluffing out her stringy grey hair, the wrinkles on her face creased noticeably in concern. “Humph. doesn't matter . . . this old woman would be remiss if she didn't address all four of you. That's my calling. Can't help it.” Not, apologizing, one bony finger shook at IlSeok's tormented

face in warning. “YOU. Listen carefully missy. Your happiness doesn’t lie inside the realm of fate. It comes from within.”

Glancing at the curious young men across the table she frowned, swinging back to Keis, head cocked, (as if listening to some imaginary voice). “AND, YOU . . .” she growled in a low whisper, “don’t hold court with kings if you’re blinded by the crown,” adding almost as an afterthought, “and you BOTH must trust in the eyes, don’t you know they’re the windows to the soul?”

Drawing herself up regally, she stood erect, ignoring the embarrassed, perplexed faces surrounding her.

“Monique . . .” Beginning to rise from the chair, IlSeok knew she was playing with fire, wanting to protest the ridiculous display of fortune telling in public. But, Keis’s retaliatory foot to her shin, sent her sinking back into the seat, scowling disgustedly. “Owww. What was that for?”

“Leave it alone sis. She means well.” Smiling, Keis nodded to the odd woman as she lumbered off drifting back into the shadows, calling after her appreciatively, “Thanks Monique.”

